The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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A BROWNING ENTHUSIAST.

"SHE is a Browning enthusiast," said her brother.

They were in the luxurious parlor car of a long railway train, fast speeding toward the metropolis of the Pennsylvania mining regions. Her brother looked curiously at his companion, as he made this announcement, to see what effect it might have, but the other received his remark in nonchalant silence. He was a handsome fellow, this other, tall and blond, and seemingly solemn beyond his years; for while the clearly cut features and fresh complexion indicated youth, the stern lines of the mouth and the grave eyes showed maturity of thought and determination of character. (He was one who might inspire awe in a sufficiently youthful and impressionable nature; but his companion, Tom Browne, though both youthful and impressionable, showed no signs of fear in the presence of his tall and solemn friend. Instead, he rattled on in happy unrestraint.)

"Though, to be sure, Pat is an enthusiast upon almost any subject which strikes her fancy, or that of her Boston friends. You see, Dana, Pat is too

high-minded for ordinary, every-day Pennsylvanians; and since her environment does not agree with her theories, she goes off at a tangent. She's bright enough for two."

"Is she like her brother?" asked his friend, quietly.

"Dana, that is too bad! Am I not plodding, practical, matter-of-fact, with just enough good sense to appreciate your fine points, old fellow? No, Pat and I are antipodes."

"Which does not speak well for Miss Pat's appreciation of my—what do you call them—'fine points.'"

"I hope that you will like Pat," went on her brother, ignoring the last remark, "for it would be rather stupid for you not to; still, we have coal mines to offer for consolation when the Browne family palls, and Geology is almost equal to Browning."

Whereupon Dana turned the subject to the curious conformation of rock through which they were passing; and that, and other characteristic peculiarities of the anthracite coal region, usurped Pat's place in the conversation until the train rolled into the station.

"There she is in the pony cart," said her brother, as they left the warm car for the frosty air outside.

"Is that the Browning enthusiast?" Dana's tone was surprised; Tom feared that it was disappointed. Pat looked enthusiastic, to be sure, but the object of her enthusiasm was some one much lowlier than the great poet; some one who did not disdain to write verses himself occasionally, but who would have resented the insinuation that he was a disciple of any one, and who professed for Browning the utmost disapproval. Pat, poised precariously upon the step of the pony carriage, with one hand grasping tightly the back of the seat, the other outstretched in welcome, was enthusiastic enough to satisfy anyone; but the object of it all, at that moment, was none other than the thankless Tom, her brother.

"The wretch," muttered Mr. Dana, under his moustache; "he doesn't appreciate her." For Pat had thrown her disengaged arm about Tom's neck, and was in the act of bestowing a kiss—no, two, three kisses upon his upturned face.

"Lucky dog," grumbled Dana. But Tom didn't seem to mind; he took it all as a matter of course. Had not Pat received him just that way at

every home-coming for four long years? Now that he was a Senior he was well used to it.

"You dear boy!" said Pat, in ecstatic accents. "How you have grown." Then in more subdued, but still audible tones: "Who is that? Tell me immediately, Tom, who is that?"

"This is my friend Mr. Dana, of whom you have often heard me speak," said Tom, politely; "and, Dana, you may not recognize my sister from my description, but this is she."

Pat gave him a quick glance expressing great disapprobation before she held out her free hand to Dana. It was the left hand, but that could not be helped.

"This is a delightful surprise," she said.

"It is a delightful surprise to me," said Dana, looking at her strangely; then he went on: "It was only yesterday that my affairs took the fortunate turn that allowed me to accept your brother's invitation."

"We shall all be delighted," she said again, gravely. Dana was surprised, somehow, that she could be grave, but it was only for a minute; and then, as if relieved that she had done what her sense of propriety demanded, she sank back into the cart with a laugh.

"How absurd, to be suspended this way between heaven and earth. Get in, Tom, do, and let us go home. Mr. Dana will grow weary of the scenery in these parts."

Dana looked at her. "I like it," he said, solemnly.

"What, like railroad tracks and a smoky station, with coal banks and a breaker for background? Tom, my dear, I cannot say that I admire your friend's taste."

"Yes, I like it," said Dana; but he did not look at the coal banks, nor at the breaker. He looked right at the girlish figure in its trim sealskin jacket, and at the winsome face, crowned with its short dark curls, in which the winter sunshine found some gold to sparkle upon.

Then he was ordered into the back seat by Pat, while Tom clambered up in front and took the reins from the stolid coachman, and rattled them away over the frozen road, down a long street and up to a large and very modern frame house, which stood in the suburbs of the town.

"A Browning enthusiast," said Dana to himself that night when he was

left alone in a handsomely furnished guest chamber, after having enjoyed the warm welcome and the hearty hospitality of the Browne family. "She is, rather, a charming little chatterbox, very pleasant to spend an evening with, but likely to pall;" and this serious-minded young man went to his repose feeling, it must be confessed, rather superior (for the Brownes, though a delightfully jolly and warm-hearted family, had impressed him as superficial, and lacking in seriousness and depth of character). Will Dana admired his friend Tom for his cleverness, and loved him in spite of himself; but the friendship was new, and its endurance, to Dana's mind, at least, doubtful.

While Mr. Dana was thus loftily reviewing the pleasures of the evening, Tom and Pat were in earnest consultation in the library. "You see, Pat," said Tom, "I am very anxious that you should impress Dana favorably. He's a jolly good fellow,—in fact, the finest man I know; and if you will only"——

"Thomas Browne," interrupted Pat, with emphasis, "am I to understand, in plain English, that you wish me to set my cap for this fine friend of yours? And if that is your intention, let me inform you that you are mistaken in your sister. I should scorn to do such a thing!"

"Now, Patsy dear, do be sensible. It isn't that at all. It is just a joke. You see Dana thinks this place is a perfect hole,—and so it is, and I have acknowledged it; but I have told him that you—think of it, *you*, Pat, —are above it; that you have imbibed Boston, as it were, and that you are, in fact, a Browning enthusiast"——

"O Tom!" Pat's tone was horror-struck.

"Dana is a member of a stunning Browning Club, and he is fine when he begins to talk. But you will find that out for yourself. Just read Browning with him, that's a jewel, Pat dear, for my sake. I have a reason, a good one, but I can't tell you now."

"This is utterly absurd, Tom. I shall not be a party to such deception. I rather like Mr. Dana, Tom; he isn't one bit like you."

"But think of the fun! You would find out all Dana's best points, and be laughing in your sleeve at him all the time; and"——

"Tom, please be quiet; I want to think about it," said Pat. She sat herself down upon a low chair before the fire, rested her elbow upon her knee and her chin in her hand, and meditated.

"By Jove, she is pretty!" thought her brother; "she'll do, anyway."

Tom had experienced a sudden and intense admiration for Will Dana during the first days of his Senior year. It was the kind of admiration that deepens into adoration, and which will either go out like a flash or ripen into a firm and lasting friendship. Tom feared that it would not last, that Dana would weary of him,—Tom was not conceited,—and he had conceived the startling notion that to marry Dana to his sister would make everyone happy, especially himself. Yes, Tom Browne was, for the first and only time in his life, a matchmaker.

"Tom," announced Pat, solemnly, after a long pause, "you are absurd, and I do not do this for you, you understand; but I will do it just for—for fun." And then these two silly young people put their heads together, and talked excitedly until the tall clock in the hall chimed for twelve, when they betook themselves to their respective couches, rather guiltily, to be sure, but very merrily, to dream of conspirators and poets in curious combinations.

The sun was still tinting the freshly fallen snow with its earliest crimson rays when Mr. Dana walked into the library the next morning. He was an early riser, and it had occurred to him that before the family were down would be an excellent opportunity to discover the possibilities of the Browne library. "There is an abundance of reading matter," he thought, as he, glanced about at the well-filled bookcases and the tables piled with magazines; and then he stopped short. There in the window seat, the sun crowning her absorbed face with a golden aureole of hair, was Miss Martha, otherwise "Pat."

"Reading Browning!" he ejaculated, mentally; and then, "Really, I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Browne," he said, "but I am an unpardonably early riser."

Pat looked up.

"O, certainly, Mr. Dana; you do not disturb me," she said; then she fell to reading again with such an air of absorption that Dana was nonplussed. He took up a magazine from a table, and sat down; but the chair he had unthinkingly taken was so situated in regard to Pat that he could only see her by glancing in a most uncomfortable, sidewise manner under his eyelashes; so he changed it, and took another directly opposite her.

She looked up again absently, and said, "O, pray, make yourself comfortable, Mr. Dana." Then once more the book received her, and Dana was free to read his magazine or to explore the Browne library. He did neither. Instead, he tried very hard to find out what she was reading. It was poetry, and the volume was of a suspicious dull green color.

Pat stopped reading for a minute, sighed, and looked reflectively out of the window. Dana turned a page with the greatest rustling possible, to remind her of his presence. She only let her glance fall to her book again, turned another page herself, and silence reigned in the library.

This lasted for ten minutes at least; then Pat shut her book, threw back her head with a charming gesture, as if she were bringing herself down to earth again, and said, "Delightful!"

"Might I make so bold," said Dana, "as to inquire"——

"What I am reading?" she said, brightly. "Oh, to be sure! It is 'The Ring and the Book.'" Her eyes sparkled with — no, not fun — enthusiasm. "Is not Caponsacchi's character noble?" she said.

Now, whether it were Fate, or only Pat's happy faculty of always hitting upon the right thing, it would be hard to say. However that may be, it happened that Dana had very recently read "The Ring and the Book," and had prepared a paper for a certain brilliant Browning Society upon "Pompilia and Caponsacchi as Exponents of Truth in 'The Ring and the Book.'" It is also a fact that recent study of a subject is conducive to great conversational prowess when that subject is under discussion. This fact was amply proven in Dana's case, and the conversation begun in the early morning was continued after breakfast, and, indeed, until Tom brought it to an abrupt termination by insisting upon a sleigh ride, "to encourage the snow."

"Mr. Dana talks superbly," said Pat to Tom, later, when they were alone and had an opportunity for private consultation. "Indeed, I may become an actual Browning enthusiast; and then, Master Tom, how will you feel?"

"I can stand it if it makes you anything like Dana," said Tom.

After that early morning talk Mr. Dana and Miss Martha became great friends. They read together every morning when skating or sleighing did not interfere. They held conversations that were interrni-

nable, in Tom's opinion. Tom almost regretted that he had started Pat upon this wild career of literary enthusiasm. The conversations consisted, in great part, of poetical readings,—Pat being the reader,—and philosophical discussion of the poem under consideration; Dana, to be strictly truthful, holding his own in the argument with little or no opposition. But Pat listened so well, and her expressive face showed such keen appreciation of his finest points and wisest conclusions, that Dana never suspected that the *cons* of the discussion were creations of his own brain, as well as the *pros.* If any one had asked him he would have said emphatically, "Miss Martha is undoubtedly as clear a thinker as she is a brilliant talker."

Dana was enjoying his vacation, and Pat enjoyed it too, for she told Tom so every night when they were left alone together to compare notes.

The holidays sped away, and Christmas came and went. Christmas lasted for twelve days with the Browne family; for, as Pat said, "It is so long coming that we hold on to it when once we get it." However, Twelfth Night passed, too, and the happy vacation came to an end.

On the eve of departure Pat sat alone in the library before a roaring fire. Mr. Dana and Tom had been shooting all day, but Pat, left to her own devices at home, had not been idle, and now she was awaiting impatiently the arrival of the sportsmen, that she might win their approval of her latest achievement.

They came with the twilight, Tom disappearing immediately into the mysterious regions of kennel and kitchen with his dogs and his game, but Dana wandered into the library, instead. He had become aware of the little figure in the big chair in the firelight's glow, as he stood in the hall responding to Mrs. Browne's motherly questions as to his success; and when the greetings were over and Mrs. Browne had gone upstairs to dress for dinner, he mentally decided that he needed warming up a bit before the disagreeable dressing office should begin.

There she sat, the sunset glow from the western window lingering in her hair, and the firelight flickering upon her face, as if each claimed her as a bit of its own brightness, Mr. Dana thought. There was a sheet of paper lying upon her lap, but when she heard him enter she held it eagerly toward him.

"Oh, I have found something charming!" she said.

"What is it?" said Dana; "I am all interest. You know I love charming things."

And then his heart gave a great leap,—for was not she charming? and she must know that he knew it. But she didn't; and she began very composedly: "Well, this morning, when I was left alone, I went up into the garret to see what treasures I could find among grandpapa's old books. There are no end of them up there, and some day we shall have them all brought down and arranged; but now—I am glad you did not see my dusty hands and cobwebby hair. Whew! it was shocking. I looked the veritable old woman with the broom who swept the cobwebs, don't you know? But I found my treasure."

She stopped for approval, and Dana gave it unreservedly, though he did not say anything. He only smiled. She went on: "I found an early edition of Browning,—a first edition, I fancy. And in it was a little poem I had never seen before, and I do not believe that you have seen it. This is it. Will you read it, or—I am afraid it is too dark to read. I have learned it; shall I say it to you?"

"Do," said Dana.

She leaned back in the great chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes on the fire, and began without further preliminaries:—

"O heart! loose, lithe, long-listed, lush,
Harken—The crimson rush!
Blood? No; roses, thorns, brakes,—
What?

Fair eye! look fool, and list!
Pale purpling amethyst;
And yet the evening sky,
The same?

But you and I
And Death make three,
And, three and one are—what?
Suave amber deluge, spot on spot,
Till spotted spotless is.
Sweet heart!
Sweet eye!
Good-bye."

She stopped with a queer little tremble in her voice. Will Dana had not given his usual critical attention to the poem. The charm of the graceful figure and the sweet, clear voice was upon him.

"It reminds me," he said, slowly, — he felt as if he were deseerating something by speaking; the low tone with the tremble in it seemed to be vibrating in the air, — but he went on. "It reminds me slightly of the little lyric 'Wanting;' you know it."

Pat said nothing. She suddenly sat upright, clasped her hands tightly together, and looked at him curiously.

"You know it," repeated Dana.

> "Wanting is — what?
> Summer redundant,
> Blueness abundant,
> Where is the spot?"

He paused; the fire crackled for a moment undisturbed, then Pat went on softly: —

> "Breathe but one breath,
> Rose beauty above,
> And all that was death
> Grows life, grows love — grows love."

There was a witchery about the hour. Will Dana leaned forward; they were very near together, and the firelight suddenly died down. He clasped a small hand in the semidarkness. He did not mean to. He really could not help it.

"Martha. Dear heart!" he said, ——

"Well! What are you doing here in the dark?" called out Tom's cheery voice from the hall. "I say, Dana, you would better get off your shooting toggery, and prepare to meet the applause of the family at dinner. I tell you what, Pat, we had better luck than you will ever have in your hunting expeditions."

Dana had risen abruptly and was on the staircase with Tom when he fired this parting shot at Pat. But Pat still sat in the darkness, clasping her hands nervously together.

"I am a wreteh — a wretch!" she said, with something like a sob in her throat. "What shall I do — oh! what shall I do?"

What she did do was to come down to dinner late, sit demurely and quietly through the courses, and disappear immediately afterwards, on the plea of a headache.

It promised to be a doleful evening for the party downstairs, as well as for Pat.

"I don't see what possesses Pat to have a headache on my last night, grumbled Tom. "She never had one before, to my knowledge. It is your abominable Browning, Dana."

Mr. Dana had himself a lurking suspicion that Browning had something to do with it. He did not attempt to defend himself, and the two young men were very doleful until Mrs. Browne proposed music. The cheerful strains of the guitar and Tom's rollicking voice soon restored the good humor of the party; and when some of Tom's friends dropped in later to say their farewells, they found the Browne household in its normal cheerful condition, barring Pat's absence and Mr. Dana's abstracted air.

Meanwhile, Pat, in the seclusion of her chamber, was a prey to remorse. She lay upon her couch in the dark, pondering upon her sins.

"How could I deceive him so," she thought. "I am a heartless wretch, a base deceiver!"

What though her epithets were commonplace and unoriginal, she hurled them upon her own defenseless head with a fervor that was part of Pat's makeup. Then with a thrill of self-pity — "I should never have done it if I had supposed it would make him like me, and — and oh, I like him!" She blushed furiously in the darkness, and forgot to condemn herself for a moment; but the revolt of a stanch, honorable nature against the dire consequences of a piece of folly was strong, and she soon began again her self-condemnation.

"He thinks I am good," she sobbed, "and he thinks I am brilliant; and when he knows, he will despise me. Oh, I don't mind that, I must not mind that, but I will destroy his faith in womankind, and he will be a cold, cynical man forever!"

From which the reader will perceive that Pat had perused some novels, if she had not read much Browning, before this Christmas vacation.

"But I can atone," said Pat, aloud, and sitting bolt upright with the thought. "I shall see him and confess, and tell him that it is only I who am a deceiver; that other girls are better and truer than I."

The sob would come; and yet, somehow, Pat felt comforted. She rose and lighted the gas.

Some hours later, Pat, listening at her door, heard the merry voices of the guests down stairs bidding their cheerful good-nights and good-byes; then she heard Mr. Dana's calm tones: —

"And I too, Mrs. Browne, must say good-night;" and a moment later, his footsteps coming up the stairs, Pat held her breath as he passed her door, but her heart beat violently. If he only knew, but — she must tell him herself, and then ——

Tom came upstairs three steps at a time, whistling; but he stopped suddenly as Pat's door opened, and a tumbled, curly head appeared.

"Tom! O, Tom!" said a whispered voice.

"Why, Patsy, how's the headache?" he called out; but at his sister's vehement injunction to "Sh-sh —" he became quiet immediately.

"Tom," she whispered, "will you do me a favor, and not ask any questions?"

"That is a great deal to demand of a senior," said Tom; "but since it is you, Pat ——"

"Well, then, please give this note to Mr. Dana to-night, mind, before he goes to bed — no, sir; you promised. I'll tell you some other time. Good-night." And then the door shut in his face, and Tom stood alone in the hall with a little envelope in his hand, directed in bold English characters to "Mr. William Dana."

"Something is up," thought Tom; but he restrained his curiosity, and left the little missive in Dana's hands, with the injunction not to let Pat's Browning enthusiasm waste his midnight oil and cause him to miss his his morning train. "For, undoubtedly, it is a poem after Browning," he remarked, as he left the room.

As soon as Tom had gone Dana tore open the little note, and read its contents with eagerness: —

My dear Mr. Dana: —

I have something to say to you before you go. May I see you in the library before breakfast?

Martha Browne.

Dana read the note over again. Something to say to him! He had something to say to her. He had his most humble regrets to offer for having frightened her, — for having given such untimely expression to his feelings; and he had much else to say. He had been thinking about her all the evening, wondering whether he should see her again, and whether a note could be anything but cold and formal. Poor Dana was very unhappy.

He rose before the sun, and in the gray dawn went down to the library, feeling contrite and ready to eat any humble pie she might offer. In the great chair before the fireplace lay a paper. It was the poem she had read to him the evening before, and that was where she had sat, looking so little, and graceful, and lovable. He picked up the paper reverently, and seated himself in the chair opposite to read it. It was written in Pat's English chirography, but Dana found no difficulty in deciphering it.

He glanced it over carelessly, then he shook himself, and read it again with interest. "Why! This is nonsense!" he said; "but it is clever." He looked perplexed.

Pat, coming softly down the stairs, saw him with the paper in his hands, and the curious, amused expression upon his face, and she stopped, her courage almost failing her. But it was never Pat who hesitated when duty called, as it did so loudly this morning. She drew herself up, clenched her small hands, and walked bravely into the room.

"Mr. Dana," she said.

Will sprang to his feet and took a step toward her. The figure in the doorway was so little, so pleading, it scarcely seemed like the merry Pat. She looked more grave than he had ever seen her. There were dark rings under her eyes; even the bright curls on her forehead seemed to droop.

"Mr. Dana," she said, "I am very sorry. I did it,—I wrote it,— that, I mean," pointing to the paper which he still held. "I—oh, I am so ashamed, so sorry—I am not what you think I am! No! listen please; I must say it!" Pat's words came fast; they tumbled over one another.

"It was all a joke of Tom's and mine. We meant it for a joke, I mean, but it isn't. And—and now you think I am clever, and I am not.

And you think I am good, and I am not; and you will never trust a woman again, and it is all my fault; please despise me! Indeed,—indeed, other girls are not like me!"

"Indeed they are not," said Mr. Dana. He went close to her, now. "And I am glad they are not," he said. He took both her cold little hands into his. "My darling, I never before saw a woman I could love, but I love you. May I?"

But Pat only gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she said, "you do not understand."

"Yes, I understand, dearest,—I understand that I love you, and—never mind about Browning—I want you, just you."

And that was the end of Pat's confession and Dana's humble pie; but it was not the end of Browning, for, as they stood in the window together five minutes later, with the sun's first rays showering blessings upon them, Dana was saying softly:—

> "What matter to me if their star is a world.
> Mine has opened its heart to me; therefore I love it."

"Well," said Tom, when he heard the news, "whether she has any enthusiasm for Browning or not, *he* is a Browne enthusiast; and that's all right."

MARY D. E. LAUDERBURN.

PEACE.

Among the mystic shadows of the rocks,
  Up winding mountain paths, where mosses green
Carpet the way, where the sweet quiet mocks
  Our vague unrest, and thoughts of things unseen
Press close upon us; by the clear, cool streams,
  Which laugh and murmur, yet refuse to tell
The secret we would know; in caves where dreams
  Fill the still darkness, and wild fancies dwell;
In nooks and crannies where the green ferns droop;
  'Neath waterfalls, whose clear drops flash and gleam;
By the still pool, where water willows stoop
  To seek their image in the resting stream,—
We search, with weary thoughts which will not cease;
  Search, but find not calm-giving Peace.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, '93.

WELLESLEY WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

Wellesley women are ambitious. I remember when Bishop Vincent gave us kindly counsel, and represented his ideal woman as queen of the parlor and of the kitchen. He did not mention the office or hospital ward; but that was nearly ten years ago, and now women reign everywhere. To the Wellesley girl who asks, Where can I find the most helpful, healthful field for all my powers? Wellesley's medical daughters may well answer, In the broad fields of medicine.

It was unfortunate that, though many of the first women to study medicine were examples of cultured womanhood, so many thought it necessary to emphasize their supposed infringement upon masculine domain by masculine attire and manner. Yet, perchance, we had need of such,— women pachydermatous to the shafts of ridicule and obloquy that were hurled upon them, strong and resolute to carry out their purposes, indifferent to praise or blame. All honor to our pioneers!

To-day the typical woman physician is well-educated and well-dressed, refined in thought, manner, walk, and conversation.

In no place have I seen the value of a college education more strikingly exemplified than among the students at a medical school. Those who, from financial circumstances or disinclination, omitted a preparatory college course, plainly showed the lack of careful mental discipline and scholastic habits. Some day, I trust, such a course will be a necessary qualification for admission to all schools where scientific knowledge and manual dexterity join to make the great healing art.

In regard to the proper qualifications for the study of medicine, let me state that in addition to the sciences taught in all colleges, especially chemistry, a physician should understand dynamics, and have a fair reading knowledge of at least two modern languages besides his own, as some of the best monographs of the time are by French or German writers; and it is desirable that those linguistically inclined add Italian and Norwegian to the list, when we consider the standing of those nations in the scientific world to-day.

Indeed, no branch of knowledge, from the dead languages to modern ephemeral philosophy, comes amiss to the physician, who, of all professors of

knowledge, needs a comprehensive education that he may understand not only the fads and foibles, but the very wellsprings of life, mental and moral as well as physical, of those who place themselves under his care.

After considerable inquiry, I have ascertained that about twenty Wellesley graduates and special students are now engaged in the study or practice of medicine. I can name those only with whom I have been associated, and will let them stand as types. There are more whom I do not personally know, but whose work is of equal or superior merit to that of those of my acquaintance.

My readers must remember that our Alma Mater herself still retains the bloom and freshness of youth, and that her daughters number few gray hairs among them all; so in medicine, our triumphs are those of youth, and our mighty deeds and lasting laurels are still to be done and won.

Dr. Mary Brewster is studying practical medicine in the New England Hospital, where she can, if there be time in the life of the ever-busy resident physician, catch an occasional glimpse of Wellesley walls and Waban water.

Another resident physician is Dr. Helen Baldwin, who, after a year in a Boston hospital and another in advanced study at Johns Hopkins, passed the civil service examination held in Philadelphia for residency in the large city hospital, in such a manner as to reflect great honor upon her two Alma Maters, Wellesley and the New York Medical School.

Dr. Ruth Webster Lathrop, after taking her *cum laude* degree in medicine, is working for more honors in the pedagogic line; and as medicine requires teachers as well as students, she is spending her time in the physiological and anatomical laboratories of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and in private tutoring. So devoted is she to this branch of her profession, that even during her summer vacations does she teach the young idea how to grow in physiological branches and anatomical shoots. She is not delving into the domain of disease, either theoretically or practically. We need just such workers in all branches of our profession, for in scientific medicine women are as yet unknown.

Another nonpractitioner, Dr. Edith Harris Schad, writes from her pleasant home in Bellefonte, that the charm of professional life has paled before the light of hearth and home, and that she has given up a large and

growing practice to reign supreme in one small kingdom. And she is not alone in this experience.

Still another, however, to my intimate knowledge, finds it possible to unite both home and professional life; the one but making the other more easy and more precious, though she has scant time for esoteric philosophy or for social functions.

Dr. Jeannie Adams, after years of careful study both at home and abroad, has now spent some time in the practice of a specialty, and has won a place for herself among the rising young oculists and aurists of Philadelphia.

Many Wellesley girls have done faithful and very successful College Settlements Association work. Among these the name of Dr. Mary Damon is well known, who severed her connection with the New York branch of that Association to go to Smith College, as professor of hygiene and general sponsor for the physical well-being of the students. Now she has gone to the free civilization and bracing climate of our Northwest, and has settled down to private practice in Minneapolis.

It is with especial pleasure that I mention the work, past, present, and future, of one of the youngest of our M.D.'s, Dr. Julia Bissell. Born and bred in India, educated in this country, she bore back to India her Wellesley diploma as a teacher. After three years faithful labor there, she felt so keenly her need of additional training that she returned to this country, where she took her medical degree in due time, and then perfected herself in the practical part of her profession by hospital and clinical studies. And now she is ready to take up her life work in India, with all her force of character and vigorous and enthusiastic spirit in arms against the armies of superstition, fanaticism, poverty, and ignorance that confront those who enter on the mission field of India, where the people have no idea, not even the crudest, of public hygiene, and where their life, from their food to their religion, is a mass of filth and corruption. We realize that she will need every detail of her thorough equipment, and every atom of her courageous spirit, when we consider that the people for whose physical and moral uplifting she labors are fatalists. Every attempt at sanitary reform is swept away by the epidemics of disease and famine which ravage the land. Smallpox, Asiatic cholera, and like diseases, are regarded as punishments sent by

the gods, against which all human effort or protest is impious revolt. She must fight against that horrible evil, infant marriage, and against the opium curse, for which the people of India may thank their beneficent rulers. What chance can there be, morally or physically, for a child whose mother swings it up, drugged with opium, in its little hammock in the morning to drowse until evening, uncared for and unfed, that she may labor in the fields to provide her scanty meal of millet, rice, or sorghum?

Nor can we say that superstition and fanaticism are confined strictly to the limits of heathendom, nor yet to the poor and ignorant of our own land, while such illusions as "faith cure" and "Christian science" flourish. King Opium is hand in glove with King Alcohol, and the poor and needy we have with us always.

At the present time many are looking to woman as the power for sanitary and social reform so much needed,—not only in far away India, but in our own country and at our very doorsteps. So let us, then, be ready, armed with knowledge, and the power to use it. More Wellesley women are needed in medicine. There is a vast work to be done, which no one can do so well as the well-educated, practical, and, above all, womanly woman of to-day.

ROSE HOWE JAMESON.

PHILADELPHIA.

UNDER THE PINES.

Here under the pines I dreamily lie,
Watching the birds go fluttering by,
Hearing the breeze that rests with a sigh
In the tops of the pines;

On the slender needles, so fragrant and brown,
That one by one fall silently down,
When the branches are stirred by a wayfaring bird
In the tops of the pines.

Quiet and cool in my distant retreat,
A shelter above from the withering heat,
And never a sound from the traveled street,
Here under the pines.

'94.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

THE house stood a little way back from the street, just far enough to be suggestive of dignified quiet. The wide front door and vine-clad porch were a perpetual invitation to enter, but on this hot summer day the cool shadows of the old hall looked especially inviting. Two giant elms stood guard on either side the front gate and spread protecting branches over the roof, long since green with age. The sunlight flickered through the leaves, and when the warm breeze stirred the branches, danced with the shadows up and down the path and vanished through the door. In and out among the blossoms of the honeysuckle round the doorway, humming birds were darting. In the long grass of the front yard the buzzing of a single locust broke the silence of the late afternoon.

The shadows had grown long, and the sun was nearly ready to drop behind the old fort on the hill, when a lady came slowly down the antiquated staircase and paused a moment on the doorstep. Her snow-white hair fell in clusters of curls on either side her face, and her faded blue eyes had a wistful, questioning look as she gazed up and down the street. The delicate outlines of her face, and the roses still lingering in her cheeks, told of the loveliness of her youth. Even now, standing in the shadow of the vines, Madame Stone would have been called a beautiful old lady. Suddenly she turned, and going to the quaint mirror that hung by the sitting-room door, gave a straightening touch to her bonnet.

"Betty! Betty!" she called, "the sun is going down, and it will be too late if you do not hurry."

"Yes, Madame, I am coming." And presently Betty appeared. Her bright, black eyes and dusky complexion revealed her foreign blood. She was a French Canadian, and had come to Madame Stone a little girl of twelve. She had adored her beautiful mistress from the first, and was now her devoted servant and friend.

Madame Stone took Betty's arm as they left the house and turned up the street to the fort. "Betty," said she, her voice faint with excitement, "do you think we shall see them coming? It has been so long, surely they must be coming by this time."

"Yes, dear Madame," said Betty, with a tender glance at the frail figure by her side, "it has been long, and we will hope to see them to-day."

No one could have lived in Fairhaven long without hearing the sad story of Madame Stone, or perhaps seeing the mistress and maid on their way to the old fort every Thursday afternoon. Long years before this summer day a fair-haired woman stood in the doorway beneath the honeysuckle vines, and threw kisses to her husband and little son as they went down the street to the river. The happy mother went about her household work, and as the day declined, called her little maidservant to go with her and watch from the embankments on the hill for the return of the wanderers. But no sign or trace of the familiar sails could they discover. The weeks and months lengthened into years, and the waters of the bay were still as blank and cheerless as on that first sad day.

The fair hair has grown white, but hope has never left the heart of Madame Stone. Her neighbors shake their heads, and whisper among themselves that the sorrow has been more than she could bear. But Betty scorns such insinuations, and puts to flight all impertinent questioners.

Madame Stone and Betty crossed the uneven field below the fort, passed the old cannon half embedded in the turf, and climbed the path, just wide enough for two, that rose from the bottom of the breach in the walls. As far as the eye could see stretched the waters of the bay, tossing and shining in the long light of the setting sun. Just beyond the point there was a glimmer of white sails, and the black stern and bow of a vessel's hull were visible either side the tower of the light.

"O Betty, look! They're coming; that is the Nautilus. Oh, I told you that I should see my little son again! Come; I must be at home when"—— And in her excitement and haste she would have fallen had not Betty's quick, strong arm caught her just in time.

They traversed quickly the rough field, and Betty had not yet the heart to undeceive her mistress. At last they reached the familiar gate. The locust now was still, and the humming birds had flown to their nests, but the sunbeams seemed to linger in the old front hall. What was that glimpse of white at the foot of the stairs? Madame Stone's heart beat fast with expectancy as she hurried up the path. Suddenly she stopped, and clasped Betty's arm for support as she murmured, "I knew it, Betty; I told you;"

for there at their feet, with his head pillowed on his arm, lay a little child, fast asleep. Dropping on her knees beside him, Madame Stone showered kisses on the little apronstring that had become untied. All the changes of the years were nothing to her, for her eyes were blinded by the shining gold of the hair, and her heart was held by the little hands.

In a moment Madame Stone sprang to her feet. A new light was in her eyes, and a determined ring in her voice, as she directed Betty to carry him up stairs. Slowly and gently Betty lifted the little sleeper. Up the broad stairway and along the galleried hall they went, Madame Stone fluttering from one side of Betty to the other, now brushing the dust from the worn little shoes, and again hurrying to shade the eyes of the child from the light of an open window. At last they reached the door of the small room that only Madame Stone had entered all these years. Betty hesitated for an instant, but the older woman drew her in, and helped her lay the child to rest on the small white bed.

The path upon the fort is almost overgrown with weeds, but the old cannon in the field is worn smooth and shiny by a small boy who uses it for a steed, and Madame Stone never doubts that it is her little son whose feet patter along the halls and up and down the stairway.

Louise B. Richardson.

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

They have made me hard and bitter,
Made me hopeless, at war with fate;
The one with her sweet love glances,
The other with her hate.

They have poisoned my life at its sources,
They haunt me early and late;
The one with her sweet love glances,
The other with her hate.

Yet the one who more than all others
Makes me heartsick, and tired of fate,
Is she who has never loved me,
Nor honored me with her hate.

K., '95.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

THE long sunlight was resting on the castle walls and buttresses; it touched the waters of the moat, and waked the drowsy lilies nodding there; its warm glow bathed the western tower, but even in that glow the mighty pile rose dark and stern. One beam had found its way within, and was shining on the armored form of a youth, who lay face downward on the stony floor. His form looked slight and boyish in its coat of mail, and when he raised his head, the face that showed was stained with tears.

He had been lying thus he could not tell how long, smarting at first with shame, then living over again all that had brought him there. He thought of the day when the king himself had laid Excalibur upon his shoulder, and had bidden him rise a knight. Even now he felt again the thrill of reverence; he felt again the sword's light blow; and again that pure devotion to the godlike king. With the memory came a higher purpose, a stronger resolution, showing even in his face.

More calmly now, more manfully, he strove to judge his own mad folly. He had broken his knighthood's vows. His father's anger had been stirred, and disappointment in the youngest, best-loved son had made that anger deeper. This was hardest for the boy. His own shame he could bear, but the stain he had cast on his father's honor seemed to brand his inmost soul. He realized something of the sorrow that lay beneath the old man's wrath, but he knew that sorrow would not soften his father's judgment, nor blunt the sense of right and honor that must satisfy itself at any cost to love. The boy's own pride responded to the thought, and his resolution strengthened to take upon himself and bear whatever punishment his father should impose; to bear it till his sin be expiated, and he could some far-off day be worthy once again the name of knight.

The sunbeam long had faded from the room, when footsteps came at last; an old servitor of the castle, drawing back the heavy bolt, spoke into the darkness, "Art here? Thy father waiteth thee." As they walked the echoing galleries the servitor felt a strange, new firmness in the youth,—a firmness that did not waver even when he stood in the great hall where squires and armored knights, pages in their gay red cloaks, and serving

people,—all the household,—were assembled. Something of the same new strength the father felt as the youth, with bent head, knelt before him.

"For the sin that thou hast sinned," the words came slowly from the old man's lips, "thou art unworthy of the name of knight." The boy gave no sign, save that his face was very pale. "I bid thee lay aside thy spurs and sword. I bid thee leave thy home and wander o'er the land until, by some achievement brave and pure, thou hast wiped out the stain of this thy sin."

Unsteadily, speaking not a word, the boy loosed the scabbard from his side, took off his spurs, and walked blindly, as in a dream, down the long hall, through the great door, out into the night.

For weary days and weeks he journeyed on, sometimes over sunny moorlands, sometimes through dismal tracts of wilderness. Sometimes his heart would leap in accord with the glad life all around, but far more often dreary days would well nigh take away all hope of winning back his honor and his father's love. Then he would feel again the brand Excalibur upon his shoulder, and would see again, more vivid than any dream, the strong face of the godlike king. Inspired to new endeavor he would rise and journey on.

When spring had blossomed into summer, and a second spring was come, the youth chanced one day upon a holy hermit, and tarried with him for the night. The kindness of the good man won him, and he told the story of his sin; and with a lighter heart than he had known for many a month he laid him down that night. As he slept the king came to him in a dream and bade him rise, take horse and spear, and go to Camelot, where an adventure was awaiting him. The light from the king's face falling on him seemed to waken him, and when he looked about the same pure radiance filled the room. Quietly he rose and stole out of the hut. The moonlight's gleam showed him a horse, saddled and armored, standing ready by the forest's edge. Lightly he mounted, and rode to Camelot with the face of the king before him alway.

. . . . . .

At Camelot the day was fading into evening, and the people all were talking in excited, awe-struck tones,—were telling of the marvelous deeds of a brave boy knight. A slander had arisen 'gainst the queen, and now before his tried and doughty knights the king had trusted to a boy the defending of

her honor. The brave young champion had fought a valiant fight against a man of twice his years and strength, and when at last he had been stricken from his horse, the mighty heart of the throng had almost ceased to beat. But the lad had risen, had fought on foot; and at last, it seemed with superhuman strength, had piereed the helm and struck a death blow to the knight. Then the whole vast throng had risen as one man. But the brave youth had fallen, and when they loosed his helmet, life was almost gone. The king raised him tenderly, and as he bent above the brave young face he caught the whispered word, "My sin is expiated. Make me once again thy knight."

. . . . . .

Next day, as his body lay in the great king's hall, where all might do him honor, lay there clad in armor, spurred, with sword in hand, and visor raised to show the pure, ealm face, an old man came to Camelot, came to the castle hall, and knelt beside the boy. All day he knelt there in the silence, and men drew back as fearing to approach a grief so sacred. When at eventide they came and raised the aged man, they saw a smile of triumph on his lips, as though far off in some fair spirit-land he heard a mighty shout of greeting to the brave young knight who had at last won back his honor and his father's love.

Mary Grace Caldwell, '95.

THE BURYING OF MISS JADWRAYS.

Miss Jadwrays was a queer, grim little Welshwoman, by profession a seamstress, by nature a conspirator. She lived alone in a two-room house away out on the Commons, with only a cat and a rose geranium for company. Could the cat have spoken, she might have told strange stories of the plots and social reforms which Miss Jadwrays was perpetually hatching in her busy brain, and which she told over to herself in her sharp, high voice, staccato, with pauses between the words, in tones that pricked the ear like a well-directed fire of chestnut burrs.

In the long winter evenings she sat down beside the cook-stove, sewing in hand, the cat purring decorously at her feet, the rose-geranium and student lamp on a table at her left, and sewed, and plotted, and talked to herself. A kettleful of strong green tea boiled gently on the back of

the stove, and of this beverage Miss Jadwrays drank a cupful at intervals, seriously, and as if it were but a means to an end. This was the sort of life she had lived for years: she sewed and thought by day, she thought and sewed by night, and nothing had come of all her thinking. When she was thirty-eight years old, something happened which promised to call into play all her hitherto useless talent for strategy and dramatic situations. Miss Jadwrays was invited to join the Order of the Daughters of Pocahontas.

Now the Daughters, be it known, are a band of matrons and maids united by a love of the unusual. They have followed the example of their fathers, brothers, and sweethearts, who are banded together as the Red Men; and, like the Red Men, the Daughters have adopted the tomahawk and the arrow as the emblems of their might. On occasions of ceremony, all of them march together, two and two, wearing a costume whose splendor and originality defy imitation. It has even been rumored that when initiating new members, the Daughters indulge, with reprehensible freedom, in war paint and the war whoop. Be that as it may, Miss Jadwrays was an intrepid soul, who feared no arrow of the Daughters; accordingly she paid her fee, was duly initiated, and donned, for the first time, the regalia, which she regarded with equal wonder and astonishment.

Soon after her initiation, Miss Jadwrays learned that the Daughters were about to hold a fair. She threw herself heart and soul into the work of soliciting cakes, pickles, and sandwiches. This mission took her out in all weathers, with the result that she fell ill, and was confined to the house. Within a week she died of pneumonia. The neighbors came in on the fourth day of her illness, and to their care she recommended the geranium, the cat, and a jar of spiced pickles, which she had solicited for the fair. After she had thus set her worldly concerns in order, she turned her face away and went to sleep, and never awakened.

The Daughters took charge of the funeral. Some of them preferred to have no service beyond the ritual of the order. The majority, however, urged that a clergyman be asked to conduct the burial. As they were about to hold a fair, and would not, for worlds, hurt anyone's feelings, the Daughters invited the seven shepherds of the seven denominational flocks

of the town to be present. All seven eame, and eaeh one offered prayer; then all read the burial service in ehorus, eaeh man skipping any portion which offended his own particular religious views. When the eeremony was ended, the elergymen rode away to the eemetery in a large barouehe, green, with yellow trimmings, whieh the Daughters had hired for the oeeasion. The Daughters, wonderful to see, marehed along two abreast, a woman with a large red plush volume and a woman with a covered market basket leading the van.

At the eemetery the elergymen stepped down from their ehariot, and stood bareheaded about the open grave. The women filed up, ranged themselves in a half eirele, and began to sing a hymn. At the end of the third verse they stopped, and the Daughter who earried the plush-eovered book stepped out to the edge of the grave and looked down at the lid of the pine box for a moment. Then she opened the book, found her plaee with some diffieulty, after having dropped two green silk book-markers unnotieed into the grave, and proeeeded to sing-song a sort of ritual. Her eompanions joined in at intervals, with eonsiderable differenee of opinion as to both the time and the subjeet matter of the responses.

Presently the priestess beeame interested in the serviee; she raised her voice, threw baek her head, and began to make mysterious signals with her left hand. The Daughter with the market basket eame forward looking extremely nervous. She fidgeted with the corner of the basket anxiously.

"And as this white dove flieth upward from the lower levels of this earth," read the woman with the book; then she stopped abruptly. The woman with the basket struggled with the lid, and finally loosened it. With great eare she drew from within a poor, wet, shivering, little white pigeon, and tossed it up into the air. "So the soul of our dear sister forsaketh its poor earthly tenement, and soareth gladly," went on the priestess glibly, but eame to a sudden stop. A little rustle, and a shrill, hysterieal giggle eame from the company of the Daughters.

The bird, instead of soaring, had fluttered down into the grave. There it stood at this moment, perched upon the lid of the pine box!

There was a sudden eommotion. The Daughters erowded around, all whispering exeitedly. The priestess knelt down upon the very edge of the grave, at the imminent risk of falling in headlong, waved her gorgeous book

at the poor astonished bird, and prompted in a gasping stage whisper, "Shoo!"

The bird refused to shoo. The Daughters were in terrible perplexity, aside from the shock to their religious feelings. At this crisis the pastor of the Second Baptist Society, a godly man and a noted marksman in his youth, stepped forward. This good man selected, with proper care, a hard lump of earth, took good aim, and threw. A sound of fluttering and the rattle of little pebbles upon the coffin box,—and the dove soared!

"Soareth gladly upward to its heavenly dwellings," finished the priestess, calmly, and closed the book.

The grave was filled in, the seven clergymen drove off, the Daughters wandered away by twos and threes. The fair came off, and nobody missed Miss Jadwrays. She would have been utterly forgotten long ago had not the type of her soul refused to soar appropriately.

EMILY S. JOHNSON, '97.

GRIEF.

Sadly at a window sitting
With bent head,
Watching autumn leaves a-flitting,
Brown and dead,
I, gazing, wondered at the woe
That made these teardrops freely flow.

Moved by pity so to find her
Eyes all red,
Stepped I quickly up behind her,
With soft tread;
"Sweetheart," gently faltered I,
"Tell me, please, what makes you cry?"

Raised she, then, her eyes all shining
Up to mine;
Brimming o'er with silent pining,
Love divine.

"Dear," said she, "my old coat's sleeve
Is out of style, and I don't believe"
(With that her breast began to heave)
"That I can make it look like new;
I've tried it once, and it wouldn't do.
I'm in despair! Boo hoo! boo hoo!"

DOROTHY ALLEN.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE GREEKS.

The story goes that Aristotle was once asked what friendship was, and he immediately replied, "One soul abiding in two bodies." The definition is, perhaps, more graeefully, more tenderly framed than we might have expected from the stern logieian, and it casts a new, warm light upon his character. But while it is to him that we owe the phrase, it is to the spirit of his race that we owe the idea. The ever present beauty sense of the Hellenes whieh produced the Antigone in literature, and the Athene Promaehos in art, gave birth, also, to a beautiful bond of affeetion that enriched the life of Greeee, and might well serve as an example to later times.

All that was highest and noblest in Greek life was present in its friendship. The people, who on the surfaee were eareless and frivolous, grew suddenly earnest in a matter of friendship, and developed splendid qualities of strength and fidelity. Greek literature is bright with tales of pure devotion and unselfish love. The myths and the true stories are alike beautiful, and bear witness to the deep influence that friendship exercised over the people.

It was to them what chivalry was to the Middle Ages. As the knight of the Round Table swore "to love one maiden only, cleave to her, and by long years of service, worship her," so the Greek pledged himself with a vow of love and constancy to his chosen friend. And as his bond inspired the knight to all brave deeds and high endeavors, so did the profession of friendship incite the Greek lover to achievements that should honor his beloved.

The tenderness of the bond that united the friends is illustrated by numberless cases. In the fable of Herakles and Hylas, that Theokritus has told so charmingly, Hylas has been stolen away by the nymphs. Herakles searches long and earnestly for his bright-haired youth, till the ship sails away to Colchos without him; and still he wanders over the Cianian shores, ealling "Hylas! Hylas!" while only the echoes answer to his grief. And we know, too, the lament which Moschus sang for his brother poet, Bion, with its reeurrent cry of uncomforted sorrow: —

> "Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain,
> Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain."

This tenderness of affection gave rise to countless instances of self-sacrifice, even to death. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." That is the keynote to the story of Damon and Pythias, and also to that incident in the Iphigeneia, of the devotion of Orestes and Pylades. When the king of Tauris did not know the friends apart, Pylades claimed that he was Orestes, in order to die for his friend; but Orestes insisted upon his own identity. And Cicero says that when the story was acted upon the Roman stage, all the theatre rose up and shouted applause. "Thus did they admire in others what they could not do themselves."

Underlying all this enthusiasm of devotion, and, indeed, giving life to it, was the reverence the Greek gave his friend. It preserved the closest intimacy from familiarity, and made friendship something exalted and sacred. Look at the group of Athenian friends whom Sokrates drew to himself, — the gay, irresponsible Alcibiades, the gentle Phædo, the ardent Agathon. With what reverent, loyal admiration they loved him! When he died, the greatest of them all said, "Thus died our friend, as we would say, the wisest, the best, and most upright of all the men of that time."

This brings us to the most exalted form of the old classic friendship, — hero worship. Plato has dignified it forever by his words of approval. In that celebrated passage of the Phædrus, he is speaking of a friend. "Looking upon the face of his beloved as on the face of a god, he reverences him; and if not for the fear that all the world would consider him a madman, he would burn incense to his beloved as to a god." Surely that is the acme of all friendship. Devotion to another soul can reach no purer height. No wonder that such friendships inspired their possessors to deeds of sweet generosity and self-forgetfulness.

This hero worship that Plato praised, recalls again the prominence of the beauty principle in the Hellenic mind. Plato saw the image of the god in the face of the beloved. It was the reflection of the divine, of the eternal beauty, that drew him to his friend.

Has this old-time chivalry passed away with the rest of Greek life? Have we lost the spirit of this ardent friendship as we have lost the genius of sculpture and poetry that animated the Greeks? Sometimes it seems as if the spirit of gain-getting and self-seeking had crowded out the en-

thusiasm and simplicity of those early days. The pessimist might claim that the friendship of Achilles and Patroklus, of Sokrates and Phædo, had utterly departed from our workaday, prosaic life. But there are others who would insist that it still lives, in all the sincerity and beauty of its ancient fervor. It is a question full of meaning. It is a question between high-minded generosity and sympathy with mankind on the one hand, and selfishness and narrowness of view on the other. For to quote again from the great Latin essayist, "We remove the sun from the heavens when we take friendship out of life." The relation of the question to our times, we ourselves must help determine.

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY.

RANDOM BITS.

THE SINGER OF "O, JOLLY JENKINS!"

IT was at a minstrel show, given by some young business men. The loud bursts of laughter, and a protesting ache in my side, testified to the gayety we had reached, when the song, "O, jolly Jenkins!" was announced. We drew a long breath, straightened ourselves in our chairs, and waited with tense nerves for the next sally of fun.

Slowly the singer rose from his seat, mechanically he walked toward the front of the platform, and with difficulty he made his bow. The pianist struck up the gay little tune, which tinkled and trilled to the accompaniment of a voice as expressionless, as unearthly, as any I have ever heard. The face of the singer was drawn and hard. Beneath the charcoal we could imagine a deathly pallor, and under the curled wool locks damp with fever. A change came over the house; unconsciously our faces mirrored the one at which we gazed; an oppressive presence seemed hovering over us. At last the song ended, the singer returned to his seat, and the vague impression of disaster gave way to vigorous fun.

In the morning paper of the next day, I read: "Died, suddenly, while assisting at an entertainment given by the 'Printer's Union,' Mr. Henry Waldo, age twenty-six years."

THE EXTINGUISHED CANDLE.

TIMIDLY she knelt before the shrine of the bejeweled saint; tremblingly she lighted the waxen taper; with tight-clasped hands and sobbing voice she sought forgiveness. Like one prying unbidden into some secret sin, I stole away. But as the door swung back a gust of wind entered, swept angrily over the kneeling girl, and, with a hiss of contempt, extinguished the feeble candle. I glanced hastily back. Her face was contorted with anguish; her lips despairingly formed the words, "Unforgiven! unforgiven!" As she knelt abjectly there, the gaudy saint seemed to smile upon her with disdain.

HOLY WATER.

DIM and far-reaching were the arches of the cathedral; impressive and holy the light that streamed through the expanse of stained glass. Over all, there seemed to rest the calm of assured faith, the quieting sense of nearness to some all-controlling power. Groups of dark-robed priests, of gayly clad girls, and of women with load-laden shoulders, streamed down the aisle. Each stopped before a quaintly carved shell which sprang from a Gothic pillar, reverently dipped their hands into the holy water, and passed on, making the mystic sign.

Unconsciously, I, too, joined the throng, stooped over the sacred vessel, but drew back with a shudder of disgust. It was thickly caked with dirt, and from it trailed several long, coarse hairs.

CAROLINE W. JACOBUS, '95.

A STUDY OF REALISM IN TOURGÉNIEFF.

(Tourgénieff's "Dimitri Rudini.")

A GREAT many clever people have attempted to define Realism. Some of them have succeeded, more of them have not; and the failures of these great and wise thinkers warn the humble to avoid such definition. Tourgéneiff gives us the keynote to his theories on the subject when he says, "The novel must lay aside all hypocrisy, sentimentality, even rhetoric, for the simpler yet nobler aim of becoming the history of life."

He is what he aims to be,—a very true historian of human life. In his realism there is neither the repulsive, grossly physical element, whieh is so prominent in the modern Freneh novel, nor that of the eommonplace, whieh makes ordinary existenee seem prosaie and uninteresting. His work is apparently the natural expression of a man whose visual sense is exeeptionally quiek and powerful. The vivid bits of deseription are never long and tedious. He seizes upon the partieular quality whieh is charaeteristie of an objeet or seene, and produees the desired effeet with the eoneiseness which is peeuliar to masters in art. He notes with unerring aceuraey the separate details, but he makes each signifieant; and so well does he understand the mysteries of literary light and shade, that they all eome out into perfect harmony and proportion.

"Dimitri Rudini," though one of his shorter works, and not so well known as some of the others, is interesting as showing his treatment of eharacter. The story takes up a few incidents in the life of one man. The whole book is a study of this eentral figure, and his influenee upon the lives of those with whom he comes in contact.

Rudini is a man who began life with more than ordinary talents. He is wonderfully appreeiative of all that is beautiful. He is keenly sensitive to every emotion, has high ideals and aspirations, yet laeks the strength of eharacter needed to develop his better nature. His eloquenee, strong personality, and eontagious enthusiasm, win the heart of a eharming young girl,—Natalie. She is little more than a child, but thoughtful for her age; and in the seene where they meet for the last time after their love has been diseovered, Rudini's weakness and pitiable laek of any strength of affeetion come out in strong eontrast to her true nobility of eharaeter and unquestioning love. After their interview is over, when he has utterly failed to fulfill her hopes and expectations, she turns from him, undeeeived but heartbroken; and the eyes which would follow the slight, girlish figure of our memory picture are very tender, as she fades from sight among the bare, gray oaks.

Natalie's mother is a vain, self-willed woman of the world. She is anxious for admiration, and glad to find an intellectual man ready to listen to her conversation, but is unwilling to have her daughter think of marrying him.

Rudini's old schoolfellow, Leschnieff, has also been fascinated and disappointed. Partly through honest conviction, partly through jealousy, he is at first inclined to judge Rudini harshly. Later, when he has been mellowed by a happy home life, and Rudini has fallen from one disgrace into another, until the proud, brilliant man is hardly recognizable in that bent, travel-worn figure crouching in the corner of a peasant's wagon, then Leschnieff takes a more generous view of his friend's character. One of the most touching scenes in the book is that where the old comrades resume the expressive "thou," while the one listens as the other recounts his pathetic history.

Rudini cannot be called a hero in the ordinary sense of the word, for he is chiefly conspicuous as a failure: the man who might have done so much, and yet does so little; who is a constant pain and disappointment to his friends, though all the time keenly sensitive to his own shortcomings. The impression of his real character is not gained at once. We are given no hints nor side views which reveal the private opinion of the author. Our judgment must be made as in real life, by listening to his conversation, by observing his treatment of those around him, and by watching the effect of the small happenings of every day. In the fact that the reader becomes completely absorbed in the atmosphere of the book, lies a great charm of Tourgénieff's realism. Even in the exquisite beauty of the nature descriptions, one feels most strongly the inner meaning which the leaves and the sky have for Natalie or her lover. For this reason does a novel with so comparatively little incident hold the interest of the reader, who finds his curiosity roused in no ordinary way, and whose insight into human nature is often completely baffled.

Despite the fact that Tourgénieff hides himself so completely, one can detect his tender sympathy for human joy or sorrow, his sweet, poetic reverence for woman. Only Mrs. Grand, nowadays, believes that a moral can adorn a tale; but when we are made to feel a real pity for Rudini, Tourgénieff seems to slyly recommend to our mercy those whom it is so easy to condemn,—the men who excite our envy by their brilliancy, and who cruelly wound by want of heart and inconsistency.

Some one has very aptly called Tourgénieff a Corot in letters. He uses the same indefinable half tints. He interprets the most delicate shades of

feeling in words as Corot does in color; and if over his completed picture is cast an atmosphere of melancholy, we must remember that the most thoughtful observers of human life cannot be light-hearted.

L. M. '95.

SOLITUDE.

As friend to friend his inner life reveals,
And dwells with glad contentment by his side,
And yet his soul within him silent seals,
That gentlest spirit entrance is denied,
So is it with the weary, restless tide,
Which daily doth the friendly shore embrace,
And whispereth ever of its wanderings wide;
Yet of its wondrous meaning leaves no trace,—
In all the sad, bright world, it hath no resting-place.

JOSEPHINE BATCHELDER, '96.

USING HER INFLUENCE.

"WELL, Mis' Akers, I never was one o' them howlin' women's rights females, nor ain't yet; but I declare I'm ready now to put in my ballot the first chance I get. I've read, an' I heard that young up-country lawyer who was runnin' for the assembly say, 'Woman is the power behind the throne.' So this election, thinks I, 'I'll jest turn on the power an' see how it works.' You see, that Mis' Meeks down to the Corner had bin talkin' to me 'bout the evils of the liquor traffic an' 'bout usin' my influence, till I says to myself, 'Patience Ann Lovejoy, there shan't be no drinkin' in this town if you kin help it!'

"So one evenin' when I see Cyrus was feelin' pretty good, I begun on him, an' talked, an' talked, usin' all of Mis' Meeks's arguments an' all o' my own. Now Cyrus aint no drinkin' man, an' I thought I'd have an easy job of it. But after I'd talked till I was clean talked out, he jest looked at me kinder superior, an' says he:—

"'What does women know about questions of politics and commerce! Patience Ann, you'd better set the bread, now.'

"I wasn't goin' to give up, an' I talked to that man every day till election time; an' election night he come home smilin' to himself, an' says he:—

"'Patience Ann, I voted for license.'

"Nobody need talk to me any more about woman's influence, an' all that highfalutin' nonsense. I want a chance to speak my own mind, when I've got one to speak!"

"Well! well! Mis' Lovejoy, I know jest how you feel. I've been through it. Men is jest that pig-headed, the more you reason with 'em the more sot they get, for all the world like a balky mule; but there's more ways of persuadin' than by talkin'. Now, this 'lection my John voted no license. I began jest like you, Mis' Lovejoy; an' I talked myself black in the face, an' John would jest put on his hat an' go down to the store. At last I says:—

"'John, are you a patron an' friend o' these grogshops, that you set such store by 'em?'

"That made him mad, and he answered:—

"'That jest shows your woman's want o' sense. There aint no "grog-shops" in the town; an' if the stills was all shut down, what would I do with my apples? No, sir! Since the Lord made apples, he must have intended us to have apple-jack. That's what apples grows for!'

"Jest then an idee come to me. John is powerful fond o' my apple pie, an' we always have it right along while apples last. But the next day there wasn't any pie, nor the next. John didn't say nothin' at first, thinkin' I was too busy, maybe, to bake. But the next day he began:—

"'Sary, where's the pie?'

"'Oh!' says I, 'there aint none.'

"'Why not?' says he. 'Anything the matter with the oven? I'll fix it this afternoon.'

"'No!" says I, 'there aint nothin' the matter with the oven; but there is with the apples. I'm savin' those apples for the use the Lord intended them for,—to make apple-jack. I'm not goin' to go against Providence an' the law. You may have your distilleries, or you may have apple pie, but not both!'

"He didn't say nothin'. An' so it went on for a week, with no pie, for punkins an' minee-meat wasn't in season yet; an' I began to hanker myself for a good wedge o' pie. At last one day after dinner John says, sort of shamedlike, playin' with his knife:—

"'Sary, guess the Lord intended apples for apple pies; an' I'm ready to vote no license.'"

Emily Budd Shultz, '94.

EDITORIAL.

I.

Somewhere we have read that in Ameriea everyone gets a mouthful of edueation, but seareely anyone a full meal. If this be even eonditionally true, what is the reason for it? There seems to be an abundanee of "intellectual food" offered to all who seek it. Why, then, should we—why should any student—go mentally hungry?

Among suggestions in answer to the question this one stands out distinctly: perhaps the trouble is not so mueh that we do not get enough, as that we do not assimilate what we do get. To rush through one "ology" after another, retaining only a smattering of eaeh, is to throw away the kernel for the husk; yet we do this year after year, and still wonder that our brains are not satisfied. Edueation is not aetion alone; it is growth, and growth demands nourishment. Forgetting the differenees between doing and growing, we think that we are beeoming edueated if every day we faithfully cram our minds with faets, to such good effeet that we remain free from "eonditions." This proeess, however, really plays but a small part in the making of a genuine scholar, while it gives absolutely no promise of after helpfulness to mankind,—the one objeet whieh should influenee us in all our study. So, sinee the busiest people often expend their lives in ways that add nothing to the sum of human knowledge and happiness, it is well for us to realize that we are not always working *best* when we are working *hardest*.

Indeed, perhaps this is the chief mistake that we Wellesley girls make: we let an outward show of mere activity take the plaee of that inner *tiefsinnigkeit* whieh is of far greater worth. We have so mueh preseribed work to do, so many appointments to meet, there is neither leisure nor inclination left for other things. And so we fall into a mechanieal habit of studying to meet requirements alone, until at length we find that the power of individual thought and expression has fallen asleep or forsaken us altogether.

Granting the protest that "we haven't time to do more than prepare our lessons," may it not be largely our own fault? Would it not be better to spend our few spare moments upon the subjects which kindle our enthusiasm, rather than upon perfecting already passable preparation for recitations in branches that interest us less? Do we not let the fear of being obliged to say "I don't know," make slaves of us? Then, too, do we not, through lack of application, sometimes spend more time than is necessary upon learning a lesson? The benefit we receive from our collegiate training will be determined quite as much by *how* we study, as by *what* we study.

It is possible that in a search for surface details, the grand principles beneath may be overlooked. So, too, it is just possible that an over-exact student may fall short of being scholarly; for scholarship implies culture, and culture "consists in becoming something rather than in having something." Toward this culture, this real scholarship, our college work should tend. As loyal daughters of Wellesley, our purpose is to take a useful, liberal, and intelligent place in the world outside. Let us, then, be very careful while here, not to allow our many duties to crowd out that "divine curiosity" which should inspire our lives. Let us even take time from our text-books, if need be, for that occasional solitude which is essential to intellectual and spiritual advancement.

College itself is, we admit, our present concern, and there will be room for other interests later. Yet while we would not underestimate the value of the thorough instruction and other countless advantages we enjoy in Wellesley, we would plead for the broadest use of these opportunities. The girl who, feeling that she owes something to herself as well as to her teachers, apportions her college days with a wise regard for both physical health and mental development, is the girl who has an assurance of a successful future. For, after all, our study now is but a beginning of that larger education which is to work itself out through the "three score years and ten."

II.

As the gentle Christmastide approaches, filling our hearts with love and good will toward all mankind, and toward our immediate associates in particular, the feeling of the editorial board for our dear Wellesley girls is especially warm and tender. Wishing to make known this altruistic emotion, it

has occurred to us that the most graceful manner of expression will be to point out to the busy or the thoughtless the glorious opportunities which many are inclined to overlook. No feature of college work offers more lasting or more encouraging results than honest literary effort; and yet, the girl who will spend long hours in the gymnasium, training for the crew; who will smother all compunctions about appearing in public in bloomers, for the sake of playing basket ball, or learning to ride a wheel,—cannot give one half day to careful, earnest work, that she may prepare a good article for the Magazine; and she will not contribute something already written, lest it may, perchance, be rejected.

Nothing can be a greater stimulus to literary work than to have one's name appear in print. Who knows, until she has tried repeatedly, what promising talent may be hidden away in embryonic condition? The field, certainly, is a large one. Material of all kinds is needed,—critical work, fiction, verse; and it cannot be possible that Wellesley girls are less gifted than those from sister colleges.

It is a pathetic truth, that a certain number of contributions cannot be required for election to the Magazine Board, lest that august body be included under the category of "The Noble Dead." Not even the thought of pecuniary compensation serves to break the modest silence of our college mates. We can only hope that our generous spirit may be contagious; and that in return for these valuable hints the editor's box will fairly bulge with gifts of the longed-for prose and verse.

III.

"O FOR an idea, for some freshness of view!" sighs a devotee of English V. To a careless hearer it seems absurd that a woman engrossed in studies kindling to the imagination, fertile in thought, should be incapable of producing daily one short, original theme. But this is, indeed, the case. Our thoughts run in narrow grooves. In the earnest quest after statistics, fancy is deadened; in the retailing of hard facts, all beauty is lost. We have become "blind to the bloom of the heather," deaf to the music of winds. The tragedies and the comedies of life are enacted before us, but we pass heedlessly by, intent only upon inking our drawings, anxious only to board that elusive elevator.

Let us broaden our vision, widen our sympathies. Then we will lose our proneness to remark that "life is a grind"; instead, it will seem a glorious opportunity, palpitating with interest, tense with ennobling emotion.

FREE PRESS.

I.

THE Free Press of last month contained an article upon the College lunch. How matters stood several years ago I cannot say, but I wish, as one who has lunched for two years in the college dining room, to voice the protest of those who feel that as a picture of the present, the description is distinctly overdrawn. From the very informality of the system by which the tables are set for a certain number, and a girl may come at any time during the lunch hour, it is inevitable that a late comer should be at a disadvantage, should not find an attractive table. She is, however, able always to obtain a sufficient supply. As to this system, if the question of making our midday meal a formal one were to be put to vote, I think the result would show that, in spite of its disadvantages, our informal lunch is appreciated.

The criticisms, also, upon the conduct of the students are decidedly unjust; for although one may see some exhibitions of selfishness, as is inevitable among so large a number, yet one meets just as often instances of quiet thoughtfulness and of care for the comfort of others. Studying in the dining room I do not remember ever to have seen.

On the whole, although our lunch is informal and is often hurried, it does not by any means deserve wholesale denunciation; on the other hand, through the lunch clubs it brings together groups of congenial friends, and often becomes one of the pleasantest hours in the day.

'95.

II.

THE refrain of one of the Ninety-four float songs rings in our ears with pathos unutterable, and those who were only amused would far better look deeper, and find therein food for thought: —

"No quorum, no quorum, but still
There may be one later, you know."

To many of us the matter of our elass organization at Wellesley is growing to be a serious question. Perhaps we plan to prepare two reeitations in an evening; the blackboard refers us to our bulletin, and we are dismayed to find that a elass meeting has been appointed for the same evening. In despair we protest that we eannot go; but a vision of our president spending her hours in weary waiting, and our faetotums searehing halls, libraries, rooms, imploring girls to eome and attend to their own affairs, awakens our eompassion, and we heroieally resolve either to brave the teaeher's displeasure at our feeble "not prepared," or to set our alarm eloeks at an uneonscionably small figure. We go, spend the greater part of the evening waiting for reeruits, congratulate ourselves if the number present is large enough to transaet any but minor business, and return to our respective homes with bodies fatigued and tempers ruined, heaping imprecations on elassmates not equally alive to their class duties, and above all on elass organization.

Some organization seems to be a neeessity, but must future classes groan under the complex system which burdens us? For this evil three remedies suggest themselves. By all means let the quorum be very eonsiderably redueed. It may be urged that the will of a small quorum is not the general will of the elass, but a small quorum does not at all restriet the number of those at perfect liberty to eome to class meeting and exercise their privileges of free expression of opinion and voting.

There are students who, for various reasons, desire to take no aetive part in the life of the class with whieh they ehance to enter. Yet, under the present system, they must be enrolled on the elass list, and swell the number neeessary to constitute a quorum. What objection is there to voluntary membership in class organization, with the privilege of resignation? The point is raised that the burden of class expenses would then fall on the few; but it must be remembered that contributions to the elass treasury are entirely voluntary. We are likely to forget this when the stern agent of the class treasurer comes to us on her eollecting tour, but the fact remains that we are not obliged to give one penny. Even if a student preferred not to share in the eontrol of the class organization, she would probably not be debarred from the privilege of adding her mite to help her elass make a ereditable showing before the College.

It is noticeable that class work done by committees appointed by the chair seldom fails to give complete satisfaction. Why not employ more than we do this useful method of accomplishing the large part of our business? The responsibility of the president would be increased, but it is doubtful if this addition to her duties would worry her one half as much as the sacrifice of long evenings of search for a quorum supposed to relieve her of this weight. There would be little or no gain if such committees were obliged to report to the class for action upon their work. From our past experience most of us would feel not the slightest hesitation in giving full power to committees appointed by the chair. Surely we would willingly give up occasionally our individual expression of will in class matters, if we could conscientiously remain undisturbed by calls to class meetings too frequent to arouse enthusiasm.

F. T. F., '95.

III.

Personally one Senior agrees with the general sentiment of the student who is "not a Freshman," in regard to elevator etiquette. It is annoying to an underclass girl who has been crowded out of the elevator once, to see her place again taken by a "black-gowned fortunate." But, may the writer ask, how often does this happen? If one watches, one will notice that it is very seldom that "twelve black-gowned fortunates" are waiting to take the elevator at the same time. Also, the writer has carefully watched, this year, in regard to this point of elevator etiquette, and has had it forced upon her that the Seniors were considerate. Many a time has she seen the Seniors stand back to let the girls in who came first to the elevator; and she has also seen these Seniors fall back to make way for underclass girls who are, it is true, late arrivals at the elevator, but who are possessed of most excellent "pushing" abilities. It is true that she may be accused of partiality, but other persons who are ably fitted to judge have noticed and spoken of this same thing. If the writer of the article in the November number of the Magazine will think of the Seniors of the past few years,—if she has been here recently enough to judge,—methinks she must admit that this year's Seniors are not inconsiderate.

By all means let us, as students, try to find some remedy for this elevator nuisance; but in our zeal for the cause, do not let us condemn any class because, theoretically, it is supposed to approve and uphold the nuisance.

F. E. H., '95.

IV.

PERHAPS our dearest possession as college girls is time. And perhaps there is nothing which makes us more tired and discouraged than to have that time wasted in hunting for a book in the library,—a book which nobody has (?), nobody has seen, and nobody knows anything about, but six or eight girls want. The library catalogue states that it belongs to the library collection; the librarian says no record is made of its removal from the library. But where is it? Nobody but a genius can tell, for it may be nicely hidden under some girl's books while she reads another, which is also waited for by a score of girls. It may not be under her books, but under herself, or it may be tucked away in some unused drawer. I know of one which was unearthed from one of the dark alcoves. A book belonging there had been removed to the return table, and this much-wanted volume was reposing in its place until the girl who placed it there should return from an hour's recess. How well that book had been fulfilling its mission!

Again, the book may not be out of sight. It may lie on the table, but on top of its open pages are a notebook and a pencil, signifying, no doubt, that some one is using it, and will be back in half a minute. You wait five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes for the girl to come, so that you may see how long she is going to use the book. You finally remove notebook and pencil, only to hear half an hour later, "I think it's just as mean as anything; somebody's taken my book." Yes; but who has wasted time for several girls?

Can't we, as individual women, by having more care and thoughtfulness for others, put an end to such annoyances without waiting for some higher authority to interfere? The unavoidable friction in the library is as much strain as most people can stand. Let us not, then, by our selfishness or carelessness, increase other people's cares nor waste their time.

C., '97.

V.

A MAN once said to me: "Why do we never hear of the friendships of women? From past ages stories of man's devotion to man come down to us, but where do we read of woman's lasting devotion to woman?"

"The Princess Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough," said I.

"Did that last?" sternly demanded my questioner. "You cannot show me a David and Jonathan friendship, a Pylades and Orestes friendship, in all the annals of your sex."

"Our sex has not been properly represented in history," I retorted, "for, until recently, the histories have been written solely by men. But now, to-day, putting ancient history out of the question, I can show you any number of David and Jonathan friendships."

"Where?" demanded the man, incredulously.

"In college," I proudly replied.

I believed it then. I was a Freshman. Now, with wider experience, I must ask: Is it true? Are our college friendships true and lasting? Are they based upon the right principle of giving and receiving? Are they sincere, deeply loving and generous? or will they flicker and go out like a candle at a breath of opposition?

Most of us will agree with Philip Gilbert Hamerton, when he affirms that the strongest reason why human beings are drawn together "is not identity of class, not identity of race, not a common interest in any particular art or science, but because there is something in their idiosyncrasies that gives a charm to intercourse between the two." And this general law applies as truly to this small, intellectual college world of ours, as to the great composite outside world, and our friendships here are formed upon precisely the same basis. But there is a difference. Our college world is composed of women, and of many women; our interests are common and absorbing, and there is great freedom of intercourse. These three differences are, at the same time, three reasons why friendships should be closer and more lasting. Among the numbers there is great opportunity for choice of friends. The common interest in vital questions means more than an interest in servants, gowns, and social functions, and ought to be more unselfish; and the freedom of intercourse brings with it the privilege of knowing one's friend more intimately,

and sympathizing with her more fully than would be possible under other circumstances.

But great dangers beset college friendships, and the first and greatest is sentimentality, the silly playing at devotion, which will probably end with a disagreement and be remembered with regret. We forget that true friendship means true, steady, calm, generous love, that gives of its best to the friend who returns in like measure. There is the danger, too, of insincerity—of showing more or less than one really feels—and of fickleness. We can say of the friendship that comes to an end, what the German poet said of love,—

"Die war's nicht, der's geschah."

The answer to our question is evident: College friendships ought to be true and enduring, and it is our own fault if they are not.

EXCHANGES.

Though the Exchange table this last month has been piled high with college magazines, most attractive in appearance, and brimming with interest, we shall have space to make mention of but very few.

In glancing over the various periodicals the bright color of "The Red and Blue" catches the eye, and reminds one of that excellent paper on Robert Schumann, which is among the best of the more substantial articles of this month. It is not without a feeling of relief that the editor notes the marked absence of class-room essays upon well-worn literary questions, such as only Walter Pater or Matthew Arnold could handle successfully. We are not even given an interpretation of Browning, or Shelley, or Keats, but read, instead, most instructive treatises upon "Dangers to Government from Legislative Assemblies," in the *Yale Lit.*, or "The American, Mediterranean, and Interoceanic Canal," in the *Vassar Miscellany*. A number of magazine contributors have added their sketches to the large number of those dedicated to the memory of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The best article of this kind is in the *Yale Lit.*

The story-telling muse has apparently dropped into dialect. Though she does not indulge in thrilling romance nor in impossible realism, the new speech is well suited to such tales as "The Old Order Changeth," in the

Smith Magazine, or "An Unanswered Question," in the *Vassar Miscellany*. Other fiction does not quite uphold the usual standard, either in quantity or in quality, though mention should be made of "Nifty Flynn," in the *Yale Lit.*, and "Carl," in the *Brown Magazine*. Perhaps this lack is counterbalanced by the number of graceful verses from which we clip the following:—

IN AUTUMN WOODS.

Illumined wood, thy sweet, sad cheer
Is like the look of one who is bereft
Of all that gives life worth,
    Yet smiles thro' grief,
And with brave showing puts on mirth.
Gone is the summer of thy year,
And to thy yearning forest heart is left
  But wintry loneliness.
    Each falling leaf
  Wakes whisper in thee, "One joy less!"
  Wakes memory, how joy was sweet!
Yet here beneath gray skies I see thee meet
Autumnal sadness with such bright, brave ways,
Thy sorrow goes unguessed by careless eyes.
    Oh, not in vain
Did'st thou store sunshine thro' the golden days!
    Of those spun rays
Thou weavest now a mantle for thy pain.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

THE SONG OF THE VIKINGS.

Where the were-wolf howls to the storm-king's wrath,
  And the gray sea lashes its angry mane,
This prow has sped o'er a perilous path,
  That few may follow and live again.

By the ice-walls guarding the northern seas,
  Where the white bear reigns o'er his floes alone,
We steered, in the teeth of the northern breeze,
  Straight on to the were-witch throne.

Our prayer is the song of the whistling gale,
  Our laughter the shriek of the northern blast,
The sea our goddess—she will not fail
  To welcome us home at last.

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

LINES.

I stand in the gleam of the western light
  On the shell-strewn sand of the sea;
And the waves, as they murmur their changing song,
  Dimple and laugh at me.
But I know that beneath the laughter gay
Is a solemn strain, which they keep alway.

And I listen, and try to catch the words,
  Or to guess what the thought may be,
But the rippling laugh, with its care-free sound,
  Conceals the truth from me.
And all I gain from the futile quest
Is a nameless grief and a vague unrest.

—*Cornell Era.*

EVOLUTION.

Twenty.

If I but knew why in her eyes
Float all the blue Italian skies;
Why in her dreaming, daneing smile
Lurks every trick of cupid's wile,
  And sprightly mischief too;
Why such ecstatic thrills when lips
But touch her dainty finger tips;
Why in her wavy, golden hair
My heart has found a perfect snare,—
  Ah, me, if I but knew!

Thirty.

I would I knew if all this wealth
Of goodness, truth, and better self
Can always be beside my life,
Endure through storm and bitter strife,
  And never change its show?
And whether such great happiness
May always stay my life to bless;
Or if 'tis but to linger here,
A dream unreal, for one short year,
  And then forever go?

Fifty.

If I but knew the subtle deeps
Of love within her soul, that keeps
My life in peace and quiet mien
Beside her restful self serene,
  Like sunset's afterglow!

But thou, my love, hast soul so deep,
Such untold graces in it keep,
That should my life a thousand be,
And every day be lived with thee,
I yet could never know.

—*The Brown Magazine.*

The raptures over the glory and suggestiveness of Autumn have given place to an enthusiasm quite as effusive, if less poetic, over that most engaging topic, football. The editorial columns and college notes have been filled with anxious prognostications or encouraging reports; even the "sister editors" show a maidenly interest in the coming contests, and one can see them, in imagination, decorated with fluttering ribbons of crimson, and orange, and blue.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The past month has been a busy and an important one for the three upper classes. Their officers for the coming year are, at last, elected, and a brief respite in the matter of class meetings is expected.

The officers of the Senior Class are: president, Helen M. Kelsey; vice president, Helen James; recording secretary, Flora Krum; corresponding secretary, Bertha Morrill; treasurer, Gertrude Barker; historians, Caroline Jacobus, Elizabeth Waite; factotums, Alice Norcross, Grace Woodin; executive committee, Katharine Fackenthal, Charlotte Goodrich, Mabel Davison.

The officers of the Junior Class are: president, Elva Young; vice president, Emily Brown; recording secretary, Mary Dartt; corresponding secretary, Grace Godfrey; treasurer, Anna Witherle; historians, Agnes Caldwell, Jennie Duxbury; factotums, Belinda Bogardus, Cora Stoddard; executive committee, Edith Butler, Mary Montgomery, Annie Peaks.

The Sophomore Class elected the following officers: president, Edith Ladd; vice president, Edith Howland; recording secretary, Bessie Gates; corresponding secretary, Effie Work; treasurer, Anne L. Bixby; historians, Emily L. Johnson, Edith May; executive committee, Grace Dennison, Elfie Graff, Grace Edgett.

On Monday evening, November 5, Mr. Carl Faelten gave a piano recital. His rendering of one of Beethoven's sonatas was especially delightful.

A rally was held in the gymnasium, on the evening of November 7, to celebrate the downfall of Tammany. Patriotic songs were song by the Glee Club, and enthusiastic speeches were made by Democrats and Republicans alike.

The second in the series of Saturday afternoon readings for the History and Literature departments was given by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, on the afternoon of November 10. At Mrs. Wiggin's request all members of the College were included in the invitation, and the chapel was filled some time before the appointed hour, so that many were obliged to stand. Mrs. Wiggin first read from "Timothy's Quest," which, it is safe to say, was already well known by most of those who listened. Another selection was from "A Village Stradivarius," a story which is yet to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the end of the reading the enthusiasm of the students was apparent in the hearty manner in which the college cheer was given three times for the reader. In the evening the students of History and Literature were invited by the members of these departments to meet Mrs. Wiggin in the Faculty Parlor. The Glee Club sang several times during the reception. Toward the end of the evening Mrs. Wiggin delighted all present by reading the "Ruggles' Dinner Party," from the "Birds' Christmas Carol."

On the evening of November 10 the Sophomore Class had its social, whose principal feature was the presentation of the history, in which many Arabian Nights' characters figured.

Monday evening, November 12, an interesting lecture on Hampton Institute, illustrated by unusually fine stereopticon views, was delivered by H. B. Frissell, the principal of the institute. Added interest was given to the lecture by the singing of a quartette of Hampton students.

On the afternoon of Saturday, November 17, Prof. Mary Alice Knox gave a lecture on the Japanese. This lecture was the third in the series of Saturday afternoon readings and lectures, and the first of two lectures which Miss

Knox is to give in preparation for a lecture on the Corean war, to be delivered by her brother, the Rev. George Knox.

The Committee on Graduate Instruction received the graduate students in the Faculty Parlor, Saturday evening, November 17.

On Monday evening, November 19, the members of the College and their friends enjoyed a concert of chamber music by Miss Minnie A. Stowell and the Kuntz String Quartette.

On Monday evening, November 19, and Tuesday afternoon, November 20, through the kindness of Major Pond, who sent tickets, many students attended the readings of A. Conan Doyle, in Boston.

On Thursday evening, November 22, the students were invited by Colonel Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, to listen to the speeches of ex-Speaker Reed, Governor Greenhalge, and Senator Hoar, which followed the annual banquet of the Club, held in Mechanics Hall, Boston. About seventy students availed themselves of this opportunity.

On Thursday evening, November 22, the place of the usual prayer meeting was taken by a lecture given by President Frost, of Berea College, Berea, Ky., on the subject of Education in the Appalachian region of America.

The Beethoven Society has lately elected its officers for the year. Miss Ledyard, who was elected as president last May, resigned her office, and Miss Mary Adams was chosen to fill her place. The remaining officers are as follows: vice president, Miss Lola Chapman; recording secretary, Miss Bessie Pierce; corresponding secretary, Miss Margesson; treasurer, Miss Ethel Howard; factotums, Miss Florence Spring and Miss Helen Bisbee.

On Saturday afternoon, November 24, Professor Knox gave a lecture on the Chinese.

Many of the students attended the Harvard-Yale football game in Springfield, Saturday afternoon, November 24, while those unable to witness the contest showed their interest by wearing the color of the college which they favored.

On Monday evening, November 26, Rev. George Knox delivered a leeture on the war in Corea between the Japanese and Chinese. Miss Knox's leetures on the two nations engaged in the struggle served as an introduetion to this leeture, and led to a better understanding of it. Mr. Knox's lecture was very interesting and instructive, and those who listened to it will now follow with added interest and elearer understanding the events and results of the war.

Many students left college on Wednesday to spend the Thanksgiving reeess with relatives or friends.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular programme meeting of the Agora was held November 17. Miss Aliee Howe, '95, was reeeived into the society. The programme of the evening was as follows:—

Impromptu Speeehes.
The Amended Constitution of the State of New York . . . . . Elizabeth Ziegler.
The Attempts to Conelude the China-Japanese War . . . . . Mary D. Prior.
The Situation in Madagasear . . . Mary Young.

The year's study of eity problems was begun by three diseussions:—
Nominations, Qualifieations, and Elections of City Officials . . . . . Helena De Cou.
City Offieials and their Duties . . Katharine Faekenthal.
Protection of City Property . . . Helen Bisbee.

The regular programme meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday evening, October 27, in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall. The subjeet of the meeting was Nuremberg. The following programme was given:—

A Walk Through Nuremberg . . . Mary Lunt.
Legends of Old Nuremberg . . . Luey Willcox.
Albrecht Dürer . . . . . Aliee Norcross.
Hans Sachs . . . . . Charlotte Goodrieh.
Reading: Nuremberg, by Longfellow . . Margaret Starr.

A meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday, November 16. Miss Edith Butler, '96, was received into the society. The subject for the evening was Dresden. The programme was:—

Scenes from Dresden Life	May Kellogg.
Art Treasures of Dresden	Miss E. M. Clark.
The Court of Saxony	Alberta Welch.
Heinrich Hoffmann	Edith Sawyer.
Dresden China	Grace Dennison.

The regular programme meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday, November 17. The subject of the meeting was Herodotus. The following programme was given:—

The Life of Herodotus	Grace Townsend.
Knowledge of Geography previous to his Time	Mary Chapin.
Divisions of the World according to Herodotus	Margaret Simmons.
Selection (Book I., 114–116): The Boy Cyrus: how his Royal Blood was Discovered	Edith Dexter.
Selection (Book II., 113–120): Herodotus' Opinion about the Story of Helen	Ida Brooks.
Selection (in original Book IV., 49–51): The Shrewd Advice of a Child	Nellie Stimpson.

The Programme meeting of Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, November 17. The Romantic Short Story was the subject for the evening.

The Romantic Spirit	Mabel Davison.
The Weird and Grotesque in the Romantic Short Story	May Cannon.
Music	Clara Shaw.
Comparison of Stevenson and Kipling	Theresa Huntington.
A Study in Gautier	Alice Schouler.

Misses Stanwood and Longley, '94, were present at the meeting.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held Saturday evening, November 10. The programme was as follows:—

The Socialistic Movement in Germany under Lassalle	Helen Dennis.
Progress of the Movement in France	Augusta Blanchard.

Karl Marx, the Father of Socialism, and his
Work in England . . . . Edith L. R. Jones.

Helen Drake, Gertrude Angell, and Marion Wilcox were present at the meeting.

On Friday, November 9, Miss Angell, Miss Conyngton, Miss Drake, and Miss Wood entertained the society in Society Hall.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Monday, December 17.—Concert.
Wednesday, December 19.—College closes.
Thursday, January 10.—Term opens.
Saturday, January 19.—Examinations begin.
Monday, January 21.—Concert.
Sunday, January 27.—Rev. S. R. Fuller, of Malden, preaches.
Thursday, January 31.—Day of Prayer for Colleges.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

It would be a pity if one who has given so much of her time and strength to literary work as Miss Mary Winston, '89, should have no opportunity to have her work represented. We take pleasure in adding to her article in the November Magazine, "Literary Alumnæ of Wellesley," some account of her brave fight in the literary field.

When still in college Miss Winston wrote short stories for *The Mayflower*, a children's paper. The first year after leaving college one of her stories appeared in *The Youth's Companion*, and she became a regular contributor to *The Springfield Sunday Republican*, and to a weekly paper, *Every Thursday*, published by Dr. Charles S. Robinson. With this start Miss Winston, as she herself says, has "written for the very little folks, and for the big folks, and for the young folks who are neither big nor little, but come in between. I have published short stories, serial stories, verses, articles on literary and general subjects." She has worked on a Boston daily newspaper, and contributes regularly to *Our Sunday Afternoon* and *Every Other Sunday*, both of Boston. Miss Winston contributed to *The Dolls'*

Dressmaker, now out of print, and wrote a comedy, entitled, "A Rural Ruse," published by Walter H. Baker & Co., which has been acted a good deal in different places. Miss Winston considers her best works a serial story, "Little Don Rodrigo De Rémas," published in *Harper's Young People*, and a story, "Babette," in the *St. Nicholas*. Other stories for young people have appeared in *Worthington Illustrated Magazine*, *Golden Rule*, *Christian at Work*, and *Watchman*. For very little ones Miss Winston has published in *Babyland*, *Our Little Men and Women*, *Our Little Ones*, and *Home and School Visitor*. Her work for older readers has been in *Yankee Blade*, *Household*, *Storiettes*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and *The New England Magazine*. Miss Winston's first verses are entitled "The Fairy Cradle," which we append:—

Who rocks the New Moon cradlekin,
And tucks the fairy babies in?
Oh, the gay young stars, with a golden line,
Swing the New Moon cradle the while they shine!
And the Lady Wind, with a coverlet blue,
Folds the wee fairies in out of the dew.

—*Babyland.*

. . . . .

At the November meeting of the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College, the names of the nominees of the Alumnæ Association for membership on the Board were presented, and the nominations were confirmed by the Board. The new Alumnæ trustees are: Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, for the term of six years; Miss Estelle May Hurll, '82, for the term of four years; Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, for the term of two years. The January number of the Magazine will contain a further account of these nominations.

. . . . .

The Wellesley Club of New York held its first meeting for the season at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Herney, The Monterey, Manhattan Avenue, on Saturday, November 3. A goodly number were present, and the afternoon proved very enjoyable.

Owing to the resignation of Miss Candace Stimson, a ballot was taken, resulting in the election of Miss Grace Andrews as Chairman of the Reception Committee for the ensuing year.

The other officers for the year, as chosen last April, are as follows: president, Mrs. Anna Philips See; vice president, Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford; treasurer, Miss Dorothy Lees Dole; secretary, Miss Bertha Bailey; executive committee, Mrs. Bessie Vail Billings, Mrs. Elizabeth Strong Raven, Miss Sarah H. Groff.

Plans of work for the coming year were discussed, and a committee was appointed to formulate some definite proposals to put before the Club at its next meeting. A committee was appointed to revise the membership lists of the Club.

The next meeting of the Club will be held at the residence of Dr. Emma Willcox, 226 West 104th Street, New York, on Saturday, December 15. Any friends from Wellesley, who may be in or near New York at that time, will be most cordially welcomed. It is earnestly hoped that any Wellesley girls in the vicinity of New York who have not yet connected themselves with the Club, will send their names and addresses to the Secretary, Bertha Bailey, The Castle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

. . . . . .

Under the auspices of the Committee on Graduate Work, a reception was given to the resident graduate students to meet the professors and instructors, on the evening of November 17, in the Horsford Parlor. Besides representatives of other colleges, there are in the graduate department eighteen Wellesley Alumnæ. On this occasion, also, all in the neighborhood who have taken the M.A. degree from Wellesley were invited. No formal literary programme was given, but opportunity was afforded for the graduate students to find each other out, and to spend a social hour with the Faculty. Some of the rare books from the library were on the tables, and conversation turned upon advanced work at Wellesley and elsewhere. It is hoped that a Graduate Club is not a thing of the distant future. Among those present from out of town were Miss Estelle Hurll, M.A., '92, lately elected one of the Alumnæ Trustees; Miss Whipple, M.A., '87; Miss Florence Bigelow, M.A., '92; Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, M.A., '93.

The following is a list of the graduate students who are doing work at the College: Miss A. J. Cannon, '84; Miss A. A. Hall, '85; Miss E. F. Abbe and Miss M. L. Bean, '88; Miss M. P. Conant, Miss M. J. Holley,

Miss Mary Lauderburn, Miss A. B. Jenks, and Miss Bertha Smith, '90; Miss B. I. Barker, '91; Miss M. F. Goddard, Miss Maude R. Keller, and Miss Frances Lance, '92; Miss M. H. Hayes and Miss S. E. Penniman, '93; Miss M. H. Holmes and Miss C. J. Peck, '94.

The annual meeting of the Boston Branch Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held in the Claflin Room of Boston University, 12 Somerset Street, Saturday, November 17, at 3 P. M. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, '83, Wellesley, president; Miss Ladd, of Cornell, vice president; Miss Blodgett, of Smith, secretary.

Reports were given by the secretary and treasurer of the past year, and by Miss Allen for the club that has devoted itself to child study, and by Miss Channing, chairman of Lecture Committee.

The meeting then adjourned to the rooms of the College Club, 23 Beacon Street, where brief reports of the recent Congress of the A.C.A., at New Haven, were given, and afternoon tea was served.

. . . . .

Miss Mary Monroe, formerly in the English department of the College, and for several years at the head of Waban Cottage, has spent a large part of the summer very delightfully with her sister's family, camping in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.

Miss Mary A. Hall, '80, is teaching in the Providence High School. Miss Hall's address is 417 Pine Street.

Mrs. Stella Courtwright Davis, Wellesley, '82–'83, has the chair of Latin at Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Susan L. Beers, Special, '84 and '85, has gone abroad for a year.

Miss Jeanie McMartin, Special, '85, will spend the winter abroad.

Miss Maude B. Foster, '83–'85, is secretary of the Los Angeles Settlements Association, and actively engaged in work in the Spanish-Mexican quarter of the city.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was an honorary member of the Class of '87, and many memories of his gracious kindness linger with that class. Once,

one Monday morning, he came to an informal reception in his honor, and none who were present will forget his genial interest in all about him, or his delightful and generous readings from his poems. Again he came on Senior Tree Day, this time wearing the scarlet-trimmed gown in which he had received the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and joining his class in the exercises of the day with characteristic enthusiasm.

Miss Ellen Scott Davison, '87, is teaching History in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Anna Palen, '88, spends part of each month with her cousin, Miss Helen M. Gould, at her home near Irvington, N. Y.

Miss Grace H. Miller, formerly of '88, has resigned her position in Mrs. Henry's School, New York, and is engaged in preparing a young girl for college.

Miss Lilian B. Miner, '88, is teaching in the Providence High School, instead of in Shepardson College, Granville, Ohio, as stated in the October Magazine. Miss Miner's address is 84 Melrose Street.

Miss Edith James, '89, is at home, 708 South Q Street, Tacoma, Wash.

Miss Emily H. Leonard, '85–'89, is teaching Psychology and English Literature in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Bessie Macky, '89, is still in the Drexel Library, Philadelphia.

The address of Mrs. Grace Brackett Lewis, '90, is Newton Centre, Mass. Mr. Lewis has recently become the College Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Miss Anne Burgess, '90, is first assistant in the High School, Walpole, Mass.

Miss Sue Child, '90, is teaching Greek in the High School, Canton, N. Y.

Miss Rosa Dean, '90, is principal teacher at the Grand River Boarding School, Standing Rock Agency (U. S. I. D.), post-office address, Fort Yates, North Dakota. This appointment is made by Commissioner Browning, under the civil service law. Parties willing to contribute small (less than four pounds) mail packages of pictures, cards, ribbons, neckties, handkerchiefs, knickknacks, toys, etc., for brightening the Christmas of the little Indians

under Miss Dean's care, may notify her at the above address, and she will pay the postage required.

Miss Nancy K. Foster, '83–'85, '88–'90, is again teaching English and Literature in Fröbel Institute (Casa de Rasas), Los Angeles, California.

Miss Emma R. Jack, '90, is teaching in her mother's private school at Hazleton, Penn.

Miss Louise B. Swift, '90, is teaching in the Detroit High School.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, is spending her third year at Coates College, Terra Haute, Indiana, as head of the English Department.

The address of Miss Blanche Clay, '92, given in a previous number of the Magazine as Laconia, N. H., is not her permanent address. Miss Clay will be at her home in Boston, where she expects to study Hebrew.

Miss Cornelia E. Green, '92, is studying art at the Rhode Island School of Design.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Glover, '92, to Dr. Mall, of Johns Hopkins University, is announced.

Miss Frances Lance, '92, is teaching English at Woodbury Institute, Quincy, Mass. The engagement of Miss Lance to Mr. J. Wright Hunt, of Duluth, is announced.

Miss Lillian V. Pike, '92, is assistant principal in the High School, Kendallville, Ind.

The address of Mrs. John H. Raven, formerly Miss Elizabeth Strong, '92, is Metuchen, N. J.

Miss Carrie Mann, '93, retains her position in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

A correction should be made in a notice of the October Magazine. The child of Mrs. Alice Jones Shedd, '93, has been named William Edmund Shedd, Jr., not Arthur William, as printed.

Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, who spent last summer studying at Chicago University, is teaching in the School of Science, National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., instead of studying at Chicago University, as stated in

the October Magazine. In addition to her teaching, Miss Smith is taking three courses in Mathematics at Columbian University.

Miss Laura Whipple, '93, retains her position in Kansas City.

The address of Miss Clara L. Hovey, '91–'93, is Newburyport, Mass.

The engagement of Miss Helen Pope, '90–'93, to Mr. Stanley, of Cleveland, has been announced.

Miss Delia Smith, '94, is principal of the High School, Moingona, Iowa.

The address of Miss Emily Foley, '93, is 5 rue Berryer, Paris, France.

Miss Elizabeth Perry, '93, has accepted a position in the High School, Barrington, R. I.

Miss Grace G. Rickey, '93, is teaching Greek and Music in the Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.

Miss Eleanor Schleicher, '93, is teaching in San Antonio, Tex. Her address is 303 San Pedro Avenue.

Miss Annie B. Tomlinson is teaching in the High School, Shelton, Conn.

Miss Marion W. Anderson, '94, is teaching in Miss Goodnow's school, Wellesley, Mass.

Miss Mary A. Herrick, '94, is teaching in Miss Kimball's school, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Grace M. Miller, '92–'94, is teaching in the Union School, Portville, N. Y.

Miss Edith Judson, '94, is teaching in Miss Thurston's school, Pittsburg, Penn.

Miss Bertha Longley, '94, is teaching in the English High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Grace H. Perkins, '94, is teaching in Arlington, Mass.

Miss Anna E. Plympton, '85–'87 and '93–'94, is teaching in Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Miss Roxana H. Vivian, '94, is teaching in the High School at Stoughton, Mass.

Miss Ora W. L. Slater, '94, is teaching Mathematics in the High School, Middletown, Conn.

Miss Susan S. Hawley, '94, is teaching in Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

MARRIED.

Miles–Clark.—On Nov. 8, 1894, Miss Helen Clark, '84–'87, to Mr. Henry Robert Miles.

Rowe–Meeker.—On Wednesday, October 17, Miss Loraine Meeker, Special, '86–'89, to Mr. Frederick W. Rowe.

Armstrong–Holman.—In Amherst, Mass., by Rev. Geo. W. Holman, father of the bride, Nov. 6, 1894, Miss Anna E. C. Holman, formerly of '92, to Mr. Dwight A. Armstrong, of Orange, Mass.

Owen–McArthur.—On June 27, 1894, Miss Jane Eliza McArthur, '92, to Mr. Daniel Edward Owen. Address, Saco, Maine.

Bickford–Holden.—In Bennington, Vt., Miss Alice Holden, formerly of '95, to Mr. George Hamilton Bickford, of Barton, Vt., Wesleyan University, '91.

Moody–Wells.—On June 13, 1894, Miss Frances G. Wells, formerly of '95, to Mr. Ambert G. Moody. Address, East Northfield, Mass.

BORN.

At Warren, Penn., October 8, a son, Donald Holliday, to Mrs. Kate Darling Filler, '83.

In Hazleton, Penn., September 28, a son, Rudolph, to Mrs. Mary A. Pew Emmerich, '86–'87.

In Berkshire, Vt., July 18, 1894, a son, Bryan Brackett Lewis, to Robert E. Lewis and Grace Brackett Lewis, '90.

DIED.

In Chelsea, Mass., July 10, 1894, Miss Minna C. Curry, Special, '93–'94.

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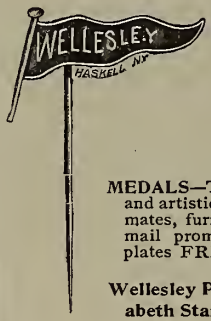

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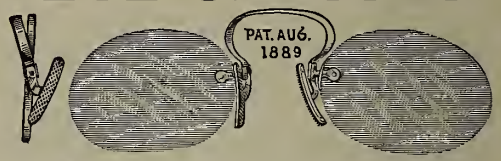

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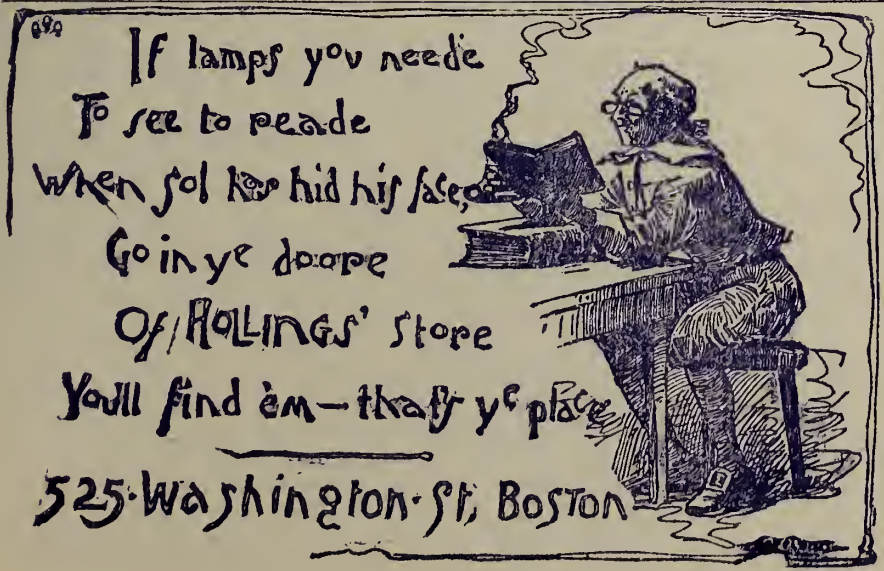

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